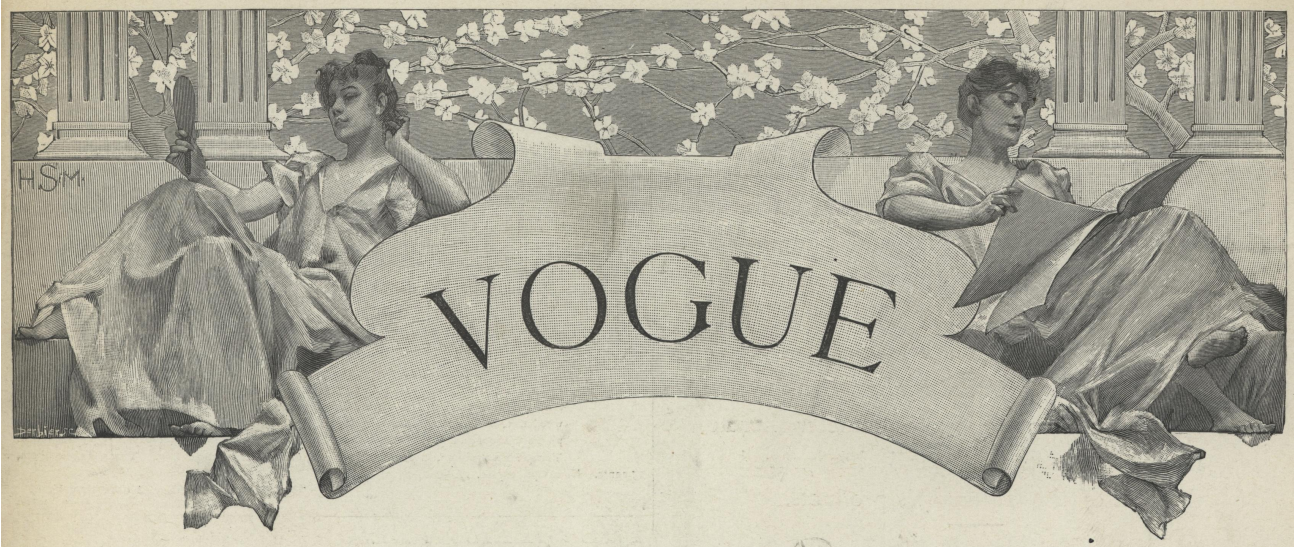
11 FEBRUARY, 1893 PRICE TEN CENTS FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR WITH SUPPLEMENT
VOL. I, NO. 9., COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE FASHION COMPANY. PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS PRECEDE ADVERTISING PAGES. ENTERED AT NEW YORK CITY P. O. AS SECOND CLASS MATTER



LIKE A DUCK

MR. NORRIS: "Oh, do stop talking; you make my head swim!"
MRS. NORRIS: "Your head must swim beautifully—it's so light."

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

American Waltham Watch Co.

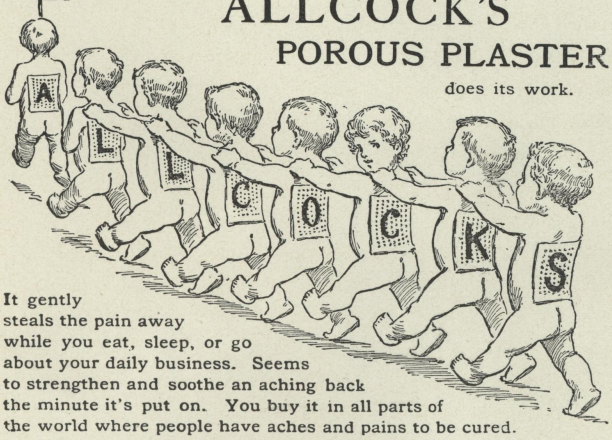
This Company have recently brought out the best Watch for Gentlemen's use which they have ever made. It is entirely new in model and arrangement of parts, and contains all the Company's latest improvements in the art of Watchmaking. It is known as SIZE SIXTEEN (or one and seven-tenth inches across the dial), and is much thinner than any American Watch of similar diameter heretofore made. As a timekeeper it has proved to be the best of the Company's products.

For Sale by all Retailers.

YOU don't know it's there; you only know that the pain is gone. That's the way the

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

does its work.



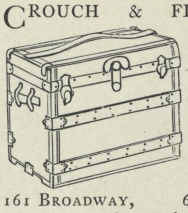
It gently steals the pain away while you eat, sleep, or go about your daily business. Seems to strengthen and soothe an aching back the minute it's put on. You buy it in all parts of the world where people have aches and pains to be cured.

RUINART

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS

Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Wines, Liquors, Provisions, Canned Goods, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Fruits, Vegetables, etc. Sold at Wholesale Prices, in reasonable quantities. Saving 25 p. c. Goods delivered free in and out of the city. FAMILY & HOTEL SUPPLY COMPANY, 314, 316 Greenwich Street.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD,



TRUNKS, BAGS, DRESS SUIT CASES.

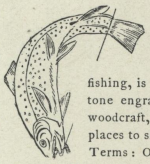
161 BROADWAY, 688 BROADWAY, 701 SIXTH AVENUE.

SILENCE CLOTH OR DINING TABLE PAD.

A necessity in connection with TABLE LINEN has been an intermediary pad to be arranged between the linen and table board. The introduction of this table-pad is recognized as filling a long-felt want.

Unlike canton flannel table-covers, it will not adhere to polished dining-boards. Is of neatly quilted bleached muslin, padded with white wadding, and well bound, is adapted for use in private houses and hotels.

Regular sizes as follows: Widths, 54, 63, 68 inches; Lengths, 63, 72, 81, 90, 99, 108 inches. For sale at all prominent dry goods houses. Catalogue and further information may be had from the EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., Corner Laight and Varick Streets, New York City.



GAMELAND

GAMELAND, the gentle sportsman's illustrated magazine of shooting and fishing, is the only magazine of the rod and gun. It is brimful of good reading and half-tone engravings relative to forest, field and stream, and treats exhaustively of camp life, woodcraft, landscape and natural history. Besides, it reviews all the resorts, and tells of new places to shoot and fish. It is on every club and home library table of any consequence. Terms: One volume, in 12 monthly parts, one dollar, postage free. Three trial numbers, 25 cents. No sample copies. Address

GAMELAND, 1267 BROADWAY, New York.

THE GILLISS PRESS

PRINTERS

Illustrated Books and Catalogues

Periodicals and Special Publications

LYON UMBRELLAS IN VOGUE

Amasa Lyon

MAKER, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

"Linene"

REVERSIBLE

COLLARS & CUFFS.

The best and most economical COLLARS and CUFFS worn—Try them—You will like them.

LOOK WELL. FIT WELL WEAR WELL.

Sold for 25 cents for a box of TEN collars or FIVE pairs of cuffs.

A Sample collar and a pair of cuffs sent by mail for SIX CENTS.

Address, giving size and style wanted.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., 27 Kilby St., Boston.

"The King of Natural Table Waters"

Johannis

Spring at Zollhaus, Germany.

Of exceptional purity and excellence. It mixes well with *Wines and Spirits*, the peculiar softness, which its *natural* gas lends to the taste, rendering it admirably adapted for the purpose.—*London Lancet.*

"NO DINNER OR BANQUET IS CONSIDERED 'EN REGLE' WITHOUT 'JOHANNIS.' *Its Purity is Undoubted."—London Court Circular.*

Sold at all First-class Places, and by leading Grocers and Wine Merchants.

H. P. FINLAY & CO., 50 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, Sole Agent for U.S. and Canada.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Vogue

IN old times there was a saying, used sometimes as a persuader of children who refused to display their tiresome little accomplishments for the edification of the expectant guest—"no song, no supper,"—a phrase which, in the case of an unusually fond parent, sometimes cut both ways, and kept every one waiting the pleasure of the contrary infant.

The modern prototype of this phrase, and one that to at least half the world will need no explanatory application is, "no supper, no dance,"—or to be absolutely exact, "no supper, no dancers." Some hostesses have not waited for the incoming of the new London fashion of hiring one's dancing men in sets like the silver; more original in method they use the supper bribe.

Shade of Grandison!

Shades of any other departed model of good manners, is this really the state of affairs in "society" in this memorable year! Fancy the sentiments of Southey's courtly Spanish critic of English manners; fancy the bluntly out-spoken opinions of a high-life Zadoc Pine, or even of Mr. Howells's fade traveler from Altruria, could they know the successful outcome of this attempt to persuade young men to caper for a supper.

Fancy the disgust of those gentlemen of Kentucky, Virginia, or the far west, at whose accent, dress and mannerisms it has been agreed to laugh—on learning that at a New York dance the cotillon must now precede the supper, otherwise there would be no young men left to dance it!

Let us hasten to say that, of course, this does not apply to all dancing men. There are those who rival Casabianca (though very likely they forget just who he was) in their devotion to duty and to the fair sex. In "cotillon coin" they pay off their dinner and other social obligations with a punctiliousness beautiful to behold. To them be all honor: but the fact remains that a sufficient reason exists for a change in the old time programme of a cotillon after supper; that enough men are known to have the unenviable reputation of dodging social obligations and caring so much for a supper that they are willing to dance for it.

The plea that we dine later than we did, and therefore do not care to sup early, will hardly prevail in the face of the oft-repeated question "what kind of a feed do you get there?" of the often heard comment on the quality of the wine. A creature exists, accurately correct as to costume, with a head as light as its heels, which considers that it is the whole duty of entertainers to cater to its fastidious appetite and that it is hardly "worth while" to render any quid pro quo other than to look bored and to vanish away when the champagne runs out.

Dancing as a form of social entertainment would appear to be approaching a crisis, for surely, even the much enduring hostess will not, for long, consent to supper bribe or money buy young men to dance for the delectation of herself and her guests. Her position and that of her women guests can hardly be said to be dignified when the attentions of cavaliers have to be purchased, and the American woman is not likely to continue indefinitely to put herself in so humiliating a position.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

MARRIAGE A FAILURE

KATE: "The bride's uncle gave her away."
BESSIE: "Couldn't he get anything for her?"
KATE: "No. Nothing but a husband."

FORTUNE TELLING

SHE: "What is the science of palmistry I hear so much about?"
HE: "The art of telling fortunes by the hand."
SHE: "Can you tell my fortune by my hand?"
HE: "No, but if I had your hand I could tell my own fortune."

UNREASONABLE

HE: "I own that there is one very unreasonable thing about me."
SHE: "What is it?"
HE: "It is because I think there is no one in the world worthy of you that I want you to accept me."

A DIFFERENCE

HE: "I am very fond of you."
SHE: "How well our tastes agree."
HE: "What, are you fond of me?"
SHE: "Oh, no. Of myself."

REAL BRAVERY

PASTOR: "Do you fear death, brother?"
BROTHER: "Oh, no. I eat everything my wife cooks!"

SCARCE GAME

LEON: "My dear chap, you look tired."
HARRY: "Yes; just returned from a hunt."
LEON: "Big game?"
HARRY: "Not very, but deuced scarce. I've written a play and am hunting a manager."

NOT IN HIS LINE

CHOLLIE: "Doctor, I have something the mattah with my bwain, could aw, you tell me what it is?"
DOCTOR GRUFF: "That is a question for an analytical chemist, not a physician. Five dollars please. Good-day, sir."

HIS PENITENCE

SHE: "What penitence do you impose upon yourself during Lent?"
HE: "I go to every afternoon tea to which I am invited."

A NEGATIVE FEATURE

She was a beautiful darling. Such eyes!
Cupid whispered to me to propose;
I did so last night and—I now realize
That I do not like Rosalie's "noes."

For description of fashion drawings published in Vogue, see Supplement.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

NOT EXACTLY WHAT SHE MEANT

Mrs. 147: "Was that man who just went out a friend of the family?"
Mrs. 149: "Oh, bless you, no; he's my husband!"

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

OF INTEREST TO HER

LEt me begin, by telling you such an amusing experience a frivolous friend of mine had, with a deadly serious man from Boston the other day. The girl, as keen and clever as New Yorkers usually are, was expatiating upon the dramatic possibilities of a play based upon the tragic life of that unlucky Stuart of England known as "The Young Pretender." She was talking on at a great rate yet crisply and brilliantly, and remarked "What a pity Shakespeare failed to use that delightfully romantic career! Just imagine what a magnificent stage story he would have given us! Equal I dare say to any of his Richards or Henrys."

"But good—good gracious!" stammered and spluttered the shocked Bostonese, fairly trembling with excitement. "My dear Madame, stop, I beg of you. Consider! Think what you are saying! He died generations before the first Pretender was heard of."

"Oh! that's all right," replied New York carelessly. "But, if I judge Shakespeare correctly he was scarcely the man to reject a good plot on account of a mere anachronism."

To this day the New Englander is hopelessly mixed as to what the girl was talking about.

Drinking tea in a deliciously pretty boudoir one afternoon last week, I chanced upon a fetching novelty in the draping of a divan. The Eastern sofa, long, low and wide, was covered over with green and gold brocade. Three big prim pillows formed a high back against the wall and one end was heaped with not less than a dozen and a half tiny cushions of all shapes, sizes and tints. Tumbled together they looked like a huge nosegay, and only after comparing the virtues of large and small head rests, is one able to commend the superiority of the latter variety. However, the charm of this divan consisted in the hangings.

From a great golden crown suspended over the upper end, fall full soft draperies of old French satin brocaded in wreaths and bouquets of flowers.

In that very same boudoir I sat with a group of smart women, and listened to them declaim upon what they denominated "the ticket trick." Each individual declared that the morning's mail had brought down a sharp shower of charity cards upon her writing table. They came, folded in warmly affectionate notes from friends, calmly requesting recipients to return checks for amount of same. The entire party agreed that the whole system was an imposition. It was well enough to send around circulars announcing the forthcoming bazar, concert, or what not, also to give names and addresses of those with tickets for sale. Then some free will in the matter was allowed. But to have ten dollars' worth of stupid card board foisted off on a tolerably disinterested acquaintance with charities of her own to support, was decidedly a nuisance. They thought an increase of tact and delicacy would not be amiss.

Then as the talk drifted off on other subjects, one woman, a friend of Mrs. William Whitney, mentioned a pair of superb Spanish portières she had noticed in her handsome Fifty-seventh Street house. They are of scarlet velvet and gold brocade elaborately trimmed with gold lace and have not only the side draperies but a splendid lambrequin to match. These hangings were brought direct from an old Spanish palace and are in excellent preservation. So rich and harmonious are they in color and design, that Mr. Whitney has had a man commissioned for some years, to match them for him in Spain at any price. Up to this time, however, the quest has proved unsuccessful.

It is vastly the fashion at this present moment to haunt bric-a-brac shops and pick up the treasures of art and time these dealers bring over with them from the other side. I remember reading with great pleasure Miss Hewitt's able article on the subject published last summer, and with the single exception of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, doubt whether there is another woman in this country her equal as a critic and connoisseur. Just now, French bric-a-brac seems to have yielded some of its long time supremacy in the market to the elder genius of Spain. I overheard Mr. George Vanderbilt discourse with genuine eloquence and enthusiasm a few evenings ago, about two wonderful old chairs of which he has recently come into possession. I forget now whether or not he picked them up during his last European journey. At all events they must be a pair of unique beauties, dear to the heart of a man who has such exact and extended knowledge of the Spanish language, literature, country and works of art. They —the chairs—are phenomenally big, much alike, have high gilded backs that sweep broadly to left and right, giving width to the sides and ending in generous graceful curves on which the whole is supported. They are upholstered in old tapestry. I understood him to say, they would eventually be placed in his famous southern home.

Of course, it is scarcely possible to wag the weary way of the world without observing, out of the tail of one's eye, a few of the fine frocks that have helped to make this season brilliant. At a small and early dance I met a woman admirably gowned in white and yellow. The skirt and bodice were of heavy pale cream satin. The former was decorated with yellow velvet ribbon appliquéd on in French bow knots with many a flourish, the edges of the ribbon sewed to the satin by fine gold threads. After trimming the skirt, the velvet ran up on the low cut bodice and ended in a crisp cluster of bows on the shoulder. It goes without saying that her sleeves were of the balloon pattern,

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

but a necklace and several magnificent brooches of emeralds and diamonds added immeasurably to the beauty of the costume.

WHAT SHE WEARS

FOr the third and last of a series of dances, when most of her friends will wear the dingy wrecks of a gay season, she plans to appear in a delicious French creation just out from Paris. It is essentially a latter-day gown, adaptations from the antique being merely suggested. The skirt is of palest sea green satin with white lights, and fits the hips like a glove back to the graceful tapering train. It is absolutely plain, save directly in front, where a broad box-plait is laid, and lifted several inches, to reveal an orange velvet petticoat embroidered with emerald crystals. The skirt is bordered with sable, that also edges the full green satin shoulder frills falling away from the décolleté V-necked bodice. The short balloon sleeves are of orange velvet, and so is the smooth orange belt encircling the waist and crystalized with emerald beads to correspond with the petticoat.

Nor is this her one smart evening robe of recent importation. At a dinner-dance she will be admired in a simple little frock of white silk crépon. This gown indicates an approaching change in fashions. The jupe is of three skirts of graduated lengths, fitted one over the other, the lowest bordered with nine rows of narrow gold braid, the next with seven, and top skirt three. The whole is rather wide, and fulled into tight gathers behind. The bodice of white crépon has gigantic balloon sleeves of amethyst velvet and broad crépon revers folding away flatly from the sharp V-necked front, these revers being edged with white lace in deep points and rows of gilt braid. Amethyst velvet rosettes of graduated sizes ornament the front of the waist and extend to meet the belt of white and gilt.

Among her pretty luncheon and calling costumes is one of deep petunia tinted velvet, decorated with costly fur. The bodice has a yoke of pale turquoise bengaline, delicately etched in gold threads, and her small blue velvet hat is encircled with bands of petunia. A curly knot of feathers of the same shade droop over the brim slightly to the left.

For the time being, however, her favorite bonnet, which is no more than an ornamental headdress dignified by that title, is simply a huge airy bow of fine jet. When her pale brown hair is ondulèd and drawn back into a wavy knot behind, she sets these big sparkling loops of jet flat on the head. They stand well out to right and left, and have tiny satin strings that are brought forward and tied primly under the chin.

To wear real jewels on her slippers is, at the moment, one of her passing ambitions. To this end she has had the best of her mamma's old earrings, of emeralds and diamonds, turquoise, topaz, garnets, etc., converted into pairs of exquisite buckles to decorate her small feet. It has now become a part of her maid's duties to shift these

NO ALTERNATIVE

Gladys: "Why did Dolly break the engagement?"
Phyllis: "Jack said he would if she didn't."

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

pretty ornaments from one set of slippers to another, so that in every instance the bijous and gowns may harmonize.

THE BLIGHTING OF MR. ARBECAM

After a few hours of railway, and a drive through the frigid twilight of December, Mr. Arbecam and his son entered the door of the country-house. The hall was filled with the warm glare of the flames of the fire-place and of the rose-red shaded lights. There was a perfume of flowers and of the vapors of the tea-urn. The assembled house-party broke into a movement of welcome to the newly arrived. Mrs. Le Mesurier and her brother, Maurice Kent, hastened to meet them. "At last, Mr. Arbecam!" "Delighted to see you!" "How are you, Harry?" "Wasn't the train late?"

Also they were greeted by Lily Parlow, by Freddy van Horn, and by Mrs. Rivington, against whose large sleeve of violet velvet gleamed the delicate golden head of her petite daughter, Alice, close at her side. The younger Arbecam noted a shade that crossed the face of the mother, a tender light upon the daughter's. Favored by his moustache, Harry had been able to conceal a smile of delighted surprise. Disengaging herself from the low tea-table, Miss Sophy Arbecam advanced: "How do you do, Cousin James? And Harry?"

"Ah, Cousin Sophy!"

Her fifty years—though uneventful and impecunious—had been complimentary to Miss Sophy. Her pure profile and lightly frosted hair were charming. At present she lived with Cora Le Mesurier, as chaperon: "We countenance each other," the young widow said.

The little company settled itself in divans and armchairs. Mr. Kent made himself useful with the tea-cups. The blonde Freddy had a pride in never mistaking the number of lumps of sugar liked by each of the women. There was a moment of luxurious silence. The purr of the silver kettle, the crackle—oddly alike—of the blazing fire, and of a sudden snow-flight outside upon the window-glass, could be heard. Then somebody broke the spell, and the talk became lively.

The elder Arbecam was tall and thin, with light blue eyes, dull but vigilant. His countenance was traversed by a close network of lines, which might have been instructive as a volume of wordy memoirs, for whoever could read them. His shape was owed—presumably also paid—to his tailor. His aristocratic grey head was the subject of wagers at the club, as to whether the hair was exotic or indigenous—with the odds in favor of the postiche. He wore a glass in one eye, as an assertion that he did not really need any. He was a widower, very well preserved for his age—which, moreover, was a matter of surmise, with a wide margin. He was known to have married rather late in life, so that the twenty-six years of his son proved nothing.

He seated himself beside Mrs. Rivington and begged to be presented to her daughter: "So this is the tiny girl, with a white frock and an immense pink sash, that Harry used to defend from the muddy paws and moist tongue of old Ponto! Then she eclipsed herself for a few years. The convent school at Paris was not very amusing, Miss Alice? Now you emerge, like the young moon, to draw after you in triumph the tides of society. Beautiful child! Come here, Harry, and tell Miss Alice that you have not forgotten her."

Harry, approaching, repeated obediently: "I have not forgotten you, Miss Rivington."

Finally, Cora Le Mesurier consulted the microscopic time-piece of her bracelet: "Dear ladies, it is quite time for us to get into some other gowns." With a soft frou-frou, as of a flight of doves, the women ascended the stairway. Also the men departed to dress for dinner.

It happened that Harry Arbecam, missing from his tie a black pearl pin, returned to the hall, searched, and found it where it had fallen when his top-coat was removed. As he arose to his feet and turned, he was aware of Mrs. Rivington.

"Harry, I have something to say to you."

"I hope that it may be nothing serious."

"It is serious: I did not know that you were expected."

"Nor I, that you were here."

"It was thoughtless of Cora. One has the right to know whom one is to meet at a house-party."

"Do not blame Mrs. Le Mesurier. She has honored me, in asking me to meet yourself and your daughter. And I trust that I am considered unobjectionable—except, perhaps, by you, dear madame."

"Let us be reasonable, Harry. Last summer I had taken Alice to a little mountain village, in order to avoid one of those awkward demi-débuts which leave it in doubt whether a girl is or is not introduced. A game of romps in the morning and a ball in the evening—you know what I mean. One sees it at Bar Harbor, for example. You, on a walking tour, invaded our solitude. Before I could have time to ruffle my feathers of a hen with one chicken—you informed me that you loved my Alice. You had said something,—not much,—also to her. Confess, Harry, that it was crude of you. A girl fresh from the convent, before her introduction to society. At least, you might have paid yourself the compliment to allow her to compare you with other men. I appealed to your generosity as a man of the world, to leave Alice free to enjoy her first winter. That is a time of careless rapture which never returns. Oh, I admit that there is a later, more intense happiness. But a rose cannot

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

'shut, and be a bud again,' you know. Now, I ask you whether you are enough master of yourself to be near Alice, yet say nothing that can disturb her tranquility? If not—I shall take her home at once, if I have to invent an illness of her papa. A girl at a house-party has the right not to be embarrassed by too definite expressions, you are aware."

"I promise that I will do my best to content you. And I suppose that you are in the right, as always."

"Believe so, Harry. At least that is good training for a future son-in-law—who knows?"

"I should like to comprehend your sentiments toward me, Mrs. Rivington."

"Impossible. They depend, more or less, upon those of Alice. And at present I do not permit her to have any. Now I will leave you. I fancy that the men are coming; and our tête-à-tête might appear to them illogical."

She went up the stairs. Harry Arbecam smiled: "I rather think that she means to be good to me," he told himself.

* * * * * *

That evening, in Maurice Kent's smoking-room, Arbecam père proved unequal to his reputation as a cynic. It had never been decided at the club whether Mr. Arbecam were really witty or merely the cause, and the assimilator, of the wit of others. He was by way of being cosmopolitan. He had traveled everywhere, before it was the fashion to visit remote parts of Spain, of Turkey in Europe, of Egypt. He had had a very good time in those days. Also in these. He was an egotist and a boaster; but on the whole a wellbred man without vulgarities. He certainly was amusing when, seated at the parlor window of a club-house on Fifth Avenue, he reviewed the procession of femininity which passed along the sidewalk. His criticisms were very incisive, but always within the limits of the permissible. He was subject to a fixed idea: that every woman wished to marry him, at all costs. "I admire the sex," he would say, "but also I fear them,—ces dames. Women, all but those so excellent that they are insignificant (he was thinking of the sainted Henrietta and of the Cousin Sophy) women, I say, are all cats. They like silken cushions, cream and adulation. Velvet paw, steel claw. And what is the chief instinct of the feline? Pursuit, capture!" To hear Mr. Arbecam, one would have believed him a mouse in peril of his life. He would withdraw behind the window-curtain if he saw approach a maid or widow of his acquaintance. Or if he were walking on the Avenue, at sight of one of these dearest foes of his, he would turn down a side street. He had constructed a whole system of ingenious evasions.

Therefore, not without reason did Freddy van Horn inquire: "What is the matter with Mr. Arbecam, Harry? Here have Kent and I conversed in vain upon society women and upon the last sweet thing in actresses. But he won't rise to any fly. What has he been doing just now?"

"He has been in Philadelphia for a week," answered his son. "Perhaps, seeing that the Philadelphians are incapable of running after him, he has waited for one to come up with him. I don't hold myself responsible for his shortage in epigrams. How is that, Mr. Arbecam?" Harry had observed that it did not flatter the elder man to be called "father" when among comrades.

Arbecam père had lapsed into a few moments of concentration with eyes closed. Since several years it was a habit of his, but he did not tolerate allusions to it. "Eh, what's that, Harry?" he said. "I was thinking of something else. I beg pardon, my dear fellows."

Mr. Kent took the word: "We were saying that we miss, this evening, the criticisms upon femininity with which you sometimes enlighten us while watching the Fifth Avenue procession of beauty and good gowns."

Mr. Arbecam glared. He arose, towering above the others, who lounged at their ease. "I have too long reduced life to a series of epigrams. This new reserve of mine is in honor of the woman that I am about to make Mrs. Arbecam."

"Who is she, Mr. Arbecam?" Freddy pursued, but had only the reply:

"To-day is the twenty-eighth of December; I will tell you before the New Year." He stalked out of the room.

Freddy essayed a feeble jest as to Harry's future step-mamma. But the depressing presence of the great Arbecam had ended with a rebuff—as a chilly fog condenses into rain.

* * * * * *

The truth was that Mr. Arbecam, who had in his life seen many beauties, was fairly amazed at Alice Rivington, with her rose-leaf face in a golden mist of hair, her shape of a young goddess, and her reputed dowry in seven figures. He, for the first time in decades, felt an enthusiasm. He would raise her to the proud position left vacant by the defunct Henrietta. He would make haste in order to avoid competition, which would be annoying to him and disastrous to the other men. "I will propose to her at once," he had decided. "Nothing is so irresistible with women as superb audacity. A little Venus! And seven figures of dowry!" For her he would renew his youth. He saw a brilliant vista of gayeties. Standing before the mirror, he executed a waltz step, and was rebuked by a twinge in the knee. He shrugged his shoulders. "Seven figures of dowry!" he consoled himself.

He began to plan the campaign. Astuteness and dash should be allied. Not to alarm the girl, he would begin with the half-humorous devotion permitted by his seniority—which he did not care

(Continued on page 138)

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

A VALENTINE

Walter Learned

I'M poor in this world's goods, sweetheart,
Of gold I have no store;
Yet grant me but this single prayer,
And I'll not crave for more.
For there's one word that thou canst speak
To me, thy Valentine,
'T would make me richer than a king,—
'T would make the whole world mine.

Could I with diamonds deck thy hair,
Or load thine arms with gold,
There's naught on earth that's rich or rare
But should its charms unfold

To grace thy form; but I've no gems,
Nor gold, nor jewels fine;
Yet there's one word which thou canst speak,—
'T would make the whole world mine.

Speak, then! Thy lover listening waits
A beggar at thy door.
A prince's ransom 'tis I ask,
A kingdom, aye, and more.
And yet, 'tis but a single word,
But, by St. Valentine!—
Whisper it in my ear but once,—
'T will make the whole world mine.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

"So sweet her mien, her face so fair,
Her ways so charming, so divine;
I wait and worship in despair,
Help me, I pray, St. Valentine."—Learned.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

to reckon in exact ciphers. He shuddered to think that the next morning they were to skate upon the river. "For one who is accustomed to pass the winter in the sub-tropics!" he told himself, rubbing his knee that was rather stiff and painful. But the following winter he would take Alice to a cottage on the Nile or to a villa near Palermo. At present he would keep up with the pace, putting his best foot foremost. He was used to that, at the club, where he always ranked with the younger men, and affected to defer to some members who were a decade his juniors. At what cost was known only to himself and to his man, Peter.

* * * * * *

On the river the ice was superb, a long winding pavement of beryl and diamond, under a brilliant windless sky with a few silvery clouds. The women were muffled in furs and velvet. Each skater had her individual charm: Mrs. Le Mesurier skated with coquettish recklessness; Lily Parlow swept over the ice in graceful curves; Alice Rivington was deliciously inexpert and a trifle timid, so that it was necessary to aid and instruct her. For which she was sincerely and prettily grateful. A little pavilion of crystal blocks—supplied by the local Ice Company—had been erected on the shore of the river. Within, a stove of Russian model gave heat. Mrs. Rivington and Miss Sophy Arbecam were there. A steaming samovar was tended by a maid, ready also to remove skates or to fasten extra wraps.

Mr. Arbecam, who really could do a little of everything, was not a bad skater. What he lacked in agility and in speed he made up in devotion and in anecdotes of a winter passed, years ago, in Petersburg. He managed to convert the involuntary wry faces caused to him by the rigidity of his joints into expressions of solicitude for the little perils of Alice, whose constant cavalier he was.

"What a dear old man," she thought. "Has Harry told him anything? Or does he guess! But there is nothing to tell—how silly I am!" All the same, she felt a filial affection for this kind, amusing, elderly Mr. Arbecam. Also Mrs. Rivington observed his paternal attentions to her daughter, and was very cordial to him when he brought Alice for some tea.

"You are so kind, to teach my little girl to skate. That is something that the good Sisters omitted in her education."

"She has already made some brave little flights. Do you know, she is very like a Russian princess who permitted me to see her rather often, the winter when I was in Petersburg. In ten years Miss Alice will appear the twin sister of the princess—as she was ten years ago. Ah, comme les ans vont vites!"

"Let us imagine that for us they stand still," answered Mrs. Rivington, who at forty-two years of age saw no indiscretion in crediting Mr. Arbecam to be her contemporary.

He did not reply, but, with an airy bow, took Alice away to resume skating.

It appeared to Harry that his father was very attentive to Miss Alice. The honest fellow experienced remorse for certain former lapses of filial respect, in view of the delicate kindness with which the elder man was smoothing the course of true love. It even seemed to Harry that the smiles of Alice, to the address indeed of his father, by some subtle deflection reached himself. He was content for the present with such fanciful consolations, until Mrs. Rivington should release him from inactivity as a wooer. Maurice Kent skating with Lily Parlow; Freddy van Horn piqued into bizarre feats in order not to be vanquished by Cora Le Mesurier, paid little attention to the doings of Mr. Arbecam. Lily, however, exchanged a few glances with Cora; and once the latter murmured in passing: "The old imbecile!"

* * * * * *

That night, in solitude, Mr. Arbecam reviewed the events of his day. The skating, the impromptu dance, so many things had severely taxed his elderly joints. But Alice would repay him for every inconvenience. And as a married man he would not be required to display so much agility. At present, he was in competition with the boys. For every reason, it appeared to him judicious to hasten the affair. He would ask the important question during the next day. It did not occur to him to doubt in regard to the answer.

But when the proposal had been made, with a courtly manner which did not, however, disguise his perfect confidence in the result—the great Arbecam was destined to receive a shock. Alice had listened to the preliminaries with composure, as a young queen might hear the envoy of a neighboring prince. Her sole care was not to betray too soon her sentiments for Harry, in whose cause she supposed the father to be speaking. At last it was plain to her that he, Arbecam père, was offering to her his own hand and name, and a heart—not fragrant with the gentle blossoming of a St. Martin's summer of the affections, but instead, filled with a musty odor of the incense of elderly egotism. She started to her feet. Whatever it was her impulse to say—she checked it by the thought that this was the father of Harry.

"You surprise me, Mr. Arbecam. Forgive me, please—but it can never be."

"And why not?" His voice was frigid.

She could not say: Because you are not your son—therefore she repeated: "It can never be. Pray believe that I appreciate the honor which you do me. What else can I say?" The sincerity of her trembling accents could not be doubted. Were such a sentiment possible where he was concerned, Mr. Arbecam would have thought that he

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

detected dislike, even disgust, in her eyes. How he got away and to his own room, he could not have told.

Ten minutes later, Lily Parlow found Alice, half hidden behind a Japanese screen, crying a little. Lily consoled her after the fashion of girls; and then took occasion to inquire casually of Harry Arbecam what he fancied could have made Alice "blue." He, moved by solicitude, went in search of the afflicted heroine. The subsequent quarter hour—though all that was said might have been heard by the most precise of chaperons—was mutually blissful.

It cannot be denied that the elder Arbecam was in a towering rage. But at his age, with his constitution of a well-fed clubman, he did not wish to invite an apoplexy. Therefore he merely scolded Peter, who replied "Yessir," at intervals, without interrupting his duties of valet. During the vigils of the night it grew evident to Mr. Arbecam that, in order to maintain his promise to the young men, he must take new measures. And without delay —for the next day would be the thirty-first of December. On New Year's eve they would claim his revelation and the right to felicitate him. Was ever a man less open to congratulations! He would invent a pretext to return to New York. No; instead, he would choose and win another bride. Who should she be? There was Cora Le Mesurier, a widow who did not pretend to lament the husband who had treated her badly; a charming brunette, rich, very chic. There was Lily Parlow, irreproachable in all that makes the young woman of society brilliant, in the conscious triumphs of her second season, also attractive in point of finance. The only other possibility was Cousin Sophy—Mr. Arbecam smiled at the idea. "Poor Sophy! She has had a tendresse for me since always!" To his jaded imagination the pale sweetness of the cousin had no allurement. For him, there was wanted youth and a spice of diablerie. Cora Le Mesurier would suit his taste. No, better Lily Parlow. The more elderly he felt himself, the more he aspired to a wife who should be all youth and life. Also, Mrs. Le Mesurier was his hostess; it would be an indelicacy, perhaps, to offer himself to her under her own roof. Mr. Arbecam had an artificial system of little scruples which served him as a religion. His code of honor was like a coral reef, very compactly built by infinitesimal factors; within it, he remained placid as a lagoon; outside, tempests did not ruffle his collected egotism.

As soon as Mr. Arbecam was decided to invite Lily Parlow to marry him, he went to sleep without regrets or forebodings. At least the boys would have no reason to laugh at him.

* * * * * *

The next day Alice found it easy to avoid the suitor of the day before. In the morning he was engrossed with some portfolios of engravings and in relating to Lily Parlow, àpropos of views in the Engadine, an adventure of his when in search of wild flowers upon an Alp. Nothing could be more amiable than the demeanor of Mr. Arbecam. Alice almost imagined herself to have dreamed. She was grateful to him for his composure; since he ignored the incident, she certainly had a right not to think of it.

In the afternoon Cora Le Mesurier invited Mr. Arbecam to try her new ponies. They were charming little animals, immensely intelligent, she said, and gave her something to do, with their ambition to walk on two legs like other people. With the same genial tranquility, Mr. Arbecam placed himself in the pony-carriage, at the side of his hostess. The turn-out was admirable; the perfect vacuity of the face of the small groom gave to the occasion the value of a tête-à-tête. Cora's slender wrists easily guided Mab and Puck, on their best behavior. "Lumps of sugar and lots of assurance," she said. "That is my method. The little beasts adore me; and they are not to know that they could get the better of me. They perceive that I am cleverer than they, and they suppose me to be also more powerful."

The little bays sped over the frosty road, through the avenue of leafless elms.

* * * * * *

After the party had said good night and gone to their respective bedrooms, there was a light stir of skirts, a gliding of footsteps, followed by a few light mysterious taps at Cora's door. The feminine conclave was assembling in that nest—all amber satin upholstery like a bonbonnière—to enjoy the hour of peignoirs, of loosened tresses and tongues, when with little malices and soft laughter, women give to each other the conte rendu of their day. Mrs. Rivington only was not there. Professing herself sleepy, she had entrusted Alice to Miss Sophy who came to summon them to the session.

The jewelled hands of Cora sparkled as she filled the chocolate-cups of delicately flowered Dresden. After a rather long prelude of slight phrases, as they tried the key-board of causerie, the hostess hazarded:

"I should like to know whether I am the second, third, or fourth?"

"First in the hearts of your countrymen, every time," promptly responded Lily Parlow.

"That answer is too conspicuously àpropos, Lil. And you never attempt repartee unless you have been in mischief. Confession for confession! Come, I will begin: To-day, then, in presence of two dear little frisky witnesses with pricked-up ears and no blinders—I was permitted the proud opportunity to become the second wife of Mr. Arbecam!"

She caught sight of Alice's blush and the amused smile of Lily. "Third, at least," she murmured. Then louder: "Nothing was ever more correct

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

than the proposal. It was a real solemnity. I declined with thanks. He could not believe it true, and begged for a reason. I had none to give, except the 'eternal womanly' because. Which was not enough for him. I, quite confused, tried to offer to be a sister to him—but the anachronism was too impossible. While I was stammering over the degree of relationship, he interposed furiously: 'That will do, Mrs. Le Mesurier. I beg you to observe that you are not the first woman who has just refused me; not the only one whom I cannot have for the asking?' Really, it took me a moment to comprehend that it was not I that was hit by that riposte of his."

"It seems to me, in fact, that he used a boomerang instead of a rapier that time," noted Lily Parlow. "But what did you say, Cora?"

"Oh, I confess that I lost my temper! I told him that I had married one dreadful old man, and now am having a lovely time spending his money; and that I certainly should not marry like that, another time. Then I turned the ponies so suddenly that we nearly tipped over. I furious, the great Arbecam purple and shivering with the chill, moral and meteorological—stared straight ahead and drove home in silence. That was all. Now, Lily, for your revelations. And Alice's."

"Mr. Arbecam has not spoken twenty words with me to-day," temporized Alice.

"Then 'twas yesterday," Lily hoped to divert attention from herself.

"Be frank, both of you! Also Miss Sophy. Oh, dear Sophy! pardon me—I quite forgot that I was speaking of your cousin."

Miss Sophy was pale: "I do not resent it in the least, Cora. It was—very amusing. I am only sorry that my cousin should have been so—so—"

"Don't try to qualify him, Sophy. The suitable term is not in your charitable lexicon. But Lily you shall not escape. We take for granted the fact. We refer to you for the frightful particulars."

"Indeed, it was altogether a surprise to me. We were quite safe, I should have supposed, on an impersonal peak of the Engadine. When suddenly, àpropos of nothing, there opened before me the yawning abyss of the possibility to become Mrs. Arbecam. I saved myself as I could—I live to tell of it. Love me, please, for the dangers I have passed; and I will love you for pitying them!" Lily flung herself theatrically into the arms of Alice.

"You deserve a medal from the Alpine Club, Lil! Now Alice, you could say something," persisted Cora.

The girl's look of distress touched Miss Sophy: "You must not tease her," declared the good woman.

"Then, Miss Sophy, we expect your own adventure."

"Indeed, I have had none." She spoke in a soft and serious tone.

The mantel-clock chimed: its strokes were not many. "Good night! good night!" The murmur of the trailing gowns was again in the corridor; and soon the house was silent.

* * * * * *

Everybody was late the next morning. Except Miss Sophy, who with a pale smile placed herself behind the coffee urn to assume the irregular duties of the breakfast-table. The first to meet her there was Mr. Arbecam. His face accused a sleepless night. Little sullen wrinkles were at the corners of the mouth; livid circles framed the eyes. He greeted his cousin and accepted a cup of coffee at her hands.

Then all at once she found herself listening to a proposal of marriage on the part of Cousin James.

"Long things become serpents," is the Italian proverb. It appeared to Miss Sophy that all the sentiments cherished during so many years were recalled—but only as forlorn, embittered ghosts of themselves. All the girlish dreams, the sweet phrases and trifling gifts that had caused to her vacillations of hope and fear, the shame of unasked affection, the numb pain when he married Henrietta, the years of austere self-discipline, the pity of the death of the young mother and of the orphanhood of the little Harry, the aching maternal instinct that dared not show itself for James Arbecam's son, the patience that at last became content—Miss Sophy beheld all these phantoms of an old maiden's love. And among these pallid shades, she saw creatures all rosy with vitality, and smiling: Cora, Lily, Alice, scornfully rejecting the vain elderly pretendant. Also she, Sophy Arbecam, had her womanly pride.

It seemed to her that she had kept him waiting a long time for her answer: "No, Cousin James. I thank you, but it is impossible. I do not intend to marry."

Something in her tone penetrated his egotism. He did not dare to look at her. Then appeared Maurice Kent, cheerful, without preoccupation.

"Good morning, Miss Sophy and Mr. Arbecam. I hope that you have slept well. By the way, Miss Sophy, how late did you ladies keep it up last night in Cora's room? I am certain that it was a congress of belle dames sans merci. Won't you repeat some of the terrible things that were said? I will swear never to reveal them!"

Maurice took an absurd attitude of conspirator.

"The train goes at 11.40—does it not, Kent?" asked Mr. Arbecam. "Man has just wired to me. Wants to see me in the city about selling some stocks."

Again he had let pass a sarcasm at the expense of the women, without a rejoinder in kind. For the sake, of course, of the imminent Mrs. Arbecam. Yet there was a gloom on his countenance, not

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

befitting a bridegroom. Mr. Kent gave up the enigma.

When Mr. Arbecam took leave, they surrounded him, with accentuated cordiality, to wish him a good journey. He glanced uneasily from one woman to another. What was known? Alice, Lily, Cora, Sophy—each had triumphed over him. Perhaps also the episodes were common property among them. He could not judge. He made a hasty retreat, followed by the much-enduring Peter, who was laden with bags and rugs. The little company turned to the blaze of the fire-place, after the cold of the open door. Only Miss Sophy, standing at a window, looked at the dog-cart as it went away toward the railway station. Lily Parlow approached her: "Come, Miss Sophy," she said. "We want you to help us plan for theatricals. and 'tis ill luck, you know, to watch anybody out of sight."

So the great Arbecam, conquered and subdued, departed.

* * * * * *

VOGUE, clairvoyant in the affairs of society, is able to give the assurance that just after Lent, Mrs. Rivington will permit an interesting announcement.

E. Cavazza.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'Tis strange that when the plain good folk
Get rich and live abroad,
They all come back with that old knack
Of patronymic fraud.

The Brownes, Smythes, Stonnes and Robynsons,
The Jonnes clan, and the Grayes,
Were plain Grey, Stones, Brown, Smith and Jones,
In dear old poverty days.

Sweet Ethel, Mary, Maud and May,
Once modest as could be,
Now live abroad; and so they've Mawde,
Maye, Eithyl and Myrie.

Dear girls, if you persist, we chaps
I fear must change our names
To Tomme, Dycke, Hayrie, Jacyke, Wyll, or marry
Some less exotic dames.

LINES TO KATE*

(From a Discarded Suitor)

NOt from your eyes, like freighted argosies,
Not from your lips that speak,
Nor from the hint, of crimson petal's tint,
Which mantles your soft cheek;—
But from the text, to graver's art annexed,
Where cruelties refine,
Read I my fate, in dainty copper-plate,
Oh, sweet, lost Valentine!

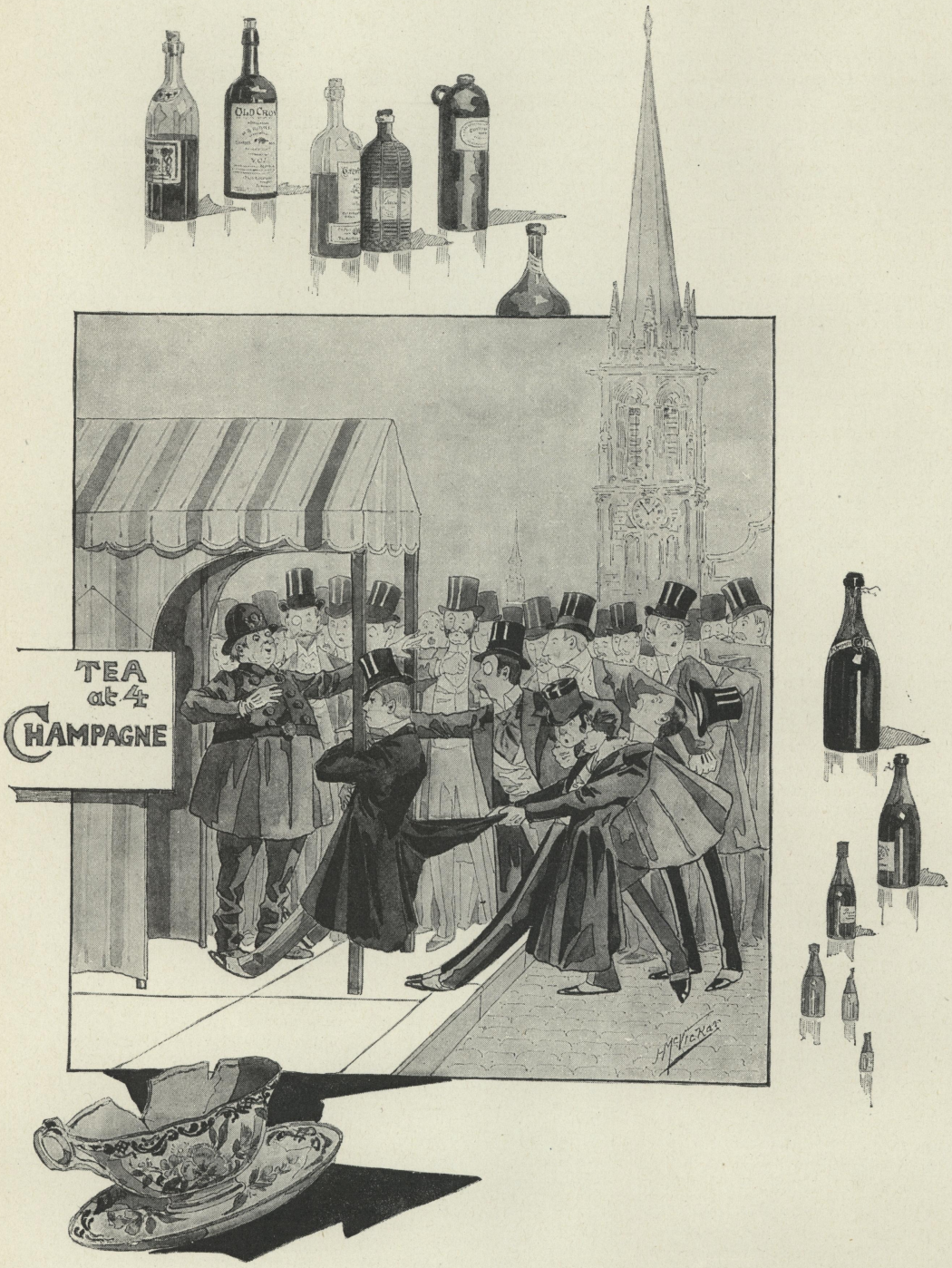
* Who is to be married on St. Valentine's Day.

AS SEEN BY HIM

I Have been a little surprised to receive from several of my friends gentle remonstrances, and even complaints, as to the nature of my remarks in this column. One man especially seems deeply grieved, and actually has been ever so much less cordial to me at the Club, because I have ventured to differ with him on the subject of patent leather boots. He is a nice fellow, clever, well-bred and well-groomed; but still there are some points on which I cannot agree with him, particularly where dress is concerned. He wears patent leather boots on all possible occasions, and he is simply one of many who never walk on the Avenue without them. I must confess that with dark gaiters I have also worn them, although I prefer to follow the English custom and appear in them only in the drawing-room. Here, in New York, we are confined to a very narrow and limited space—a short stretch of Avenue, with a "block" or so on either side. We frequently walk to teas and afternoon receptions, and therefore a change of footgear is not practicable. In London one always rides to those affairs. On a beautiful day, with a dry pavement, I think I even would use my patent leathers in preference to other boots, but I reiterate that they are not as much worn as formerly. For these details London is our guide.

Another friend thinks I have placed restrictions on evening dress. Not at all; I am most catholic on that subject. I must draw the line at an ill-fitting white waistcoat, or gold buttons. As the season progresses I find the single-breasted white waistcoat much more in favor. There is, in this country, a reason for this. It seems almost impossible to find a tailor who can make a perfectly well-fitting white waistcoat. When this much desired artisan has been discovered, his work, however good, only lasts one wearing. I must say, however, that I will not find so much fault with him in this matter. He is only leading us in the right

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast



LEAVES FROM A DÉBUTANTE'S DIARY—PAGE 2

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

direction. A white waistcoat is like some rare blossom of tropical birth; a night-blooming cereus. It lives but for an evening, and then fades away. No art ever practiced by the most skilful of laundresses can ever bring it back to its pristine glory. A man should have sufficient in number of these dainty creations to last him through the season.

It is so difficult to approve of that which men who have pretensions to doing what is right, will, in opposition to all rules of good form, fall into at times. When I see anything very eccentric in a man's dress, I sigh and am convinced that there is certainly something wrong with the machinery. It was at a very delightful dance last week, given by the most charming of women, in the most beautiful house in New York, that I saw a man who has lived abroad, who bears an honored name, and who has a deserved reputation as a person of very decent attainments, appear in a black waistcoat with three turquoise buttons, a single gleaming button in his shirt, which was another turquoise, this time in an aureole of diamonds, and his sleeve-buttons were encrusted with rubies. I fear that the button in question was a "screw stud"—but that is too dreadful to contemplate. Another word about evening dress and I will close the subject. The dinner or "Tuxedo" coat is worn with the shawl collar, but the latest evening coat which my tailor has sent me from London is modeled somewhat after its prototype worn in the first half of the century. The collar is higher than those of last season and the facings are of heavy black silk. The waistcoat shows a perfect U and has four buttons, and is also higher. The trousers are perfectly plain. The braid or raised seam running down the sides, which was the fashion a while ago, has gone. The material is serge.

To a gentleman from Kentucky, one of the many who have written me very kind letters, I have several queries to answer. He asks rather pathetically "What are Bluchers?" The Blucher boot was originally brought into fashion, I believe, by our great grandfathers, and if my school memories do not fail me, it was named after a certain general of Waterloo fame who was addicted to using highly varnished foot-gear. It is a boot made entirely of very shiny patent leather, which in some way or other, always gives me the impression that it is celluloid. It is sometimes known as the "Piccadilly." It is laced very high in the instep, and is, I believe, much more durable than the ordinary patent leather and it is not so liable to crack. It is cleaned by being washed and does not take kindly to varnish or Melton cream. It goes with very light trousers of a robin's egg blue—more appropriately styled "gents' pants," and with such detachable linen as reversible cuffs, and other laundry saving appliances. The man who wears them to-day, is apt to walk with his "best girl" by hooking his arm through hers, and he is one whose tendencies are generally likely to take that turn defined now by a clever young woman as "pawy."

The gentleman from Kentucky also wants to know about top hats. The English are bell crowned and the French are rather straight. Both are worn. Tall thin men affect more the straight hat while stout men cling to the bell crown. Mr. T. Suffern Tailer, although not of exceeding avoirdupois wears a very decided bell crown, fashioned after the hats of Beau Brummel's days. His cousin Mr. Lee Tailer prefers the taller hat. With the bell crowned hat Mr. Suffern Tailer always wears a black stock wound around his neck several times and tied in a subtle manner known only to himself. The white under "vest" (this is in answer to another inquiry) that little narrow strip of white piqué or marseilles which peeps furtively above the horizon of one's waistcoat, is always in fashion. It should be worn, however, with the Prince Albert coat and top hat.

Prince Albert coats of dark grey, of shaggy cloth, with a woolly surface, are very much in the style and in fact, form but one of the same family as the "coachmen's coats," worn so much here during the Horse Show, and they will be in favor again this spring. The coat of course has long skirts, almost touching the ground. It is always worn unbuttoned, just as the illustration on page 21 of VOGUE, indicates. Mr. Tailer's costume in the print given of him, was of plain grey material and was used for coaching only, and it did not resemble the coat spoken of by the writer on a former occasion. However, one may wear the rough coat in driving or coaching, and in that case it can be buttoned up, as it would be inconvenient not to do otherwise; indeed so slight a matter might possibly cause annoyance to even the best and most careful of whips.

In answer to the Kentucky gentleman's last query I will say that the Prince's knot is not known by that name to haberdashers. It is really not a species of tie, but only a method of arranging one's cravat, and owes its existence to the heir presumptive to the British throne. The best scarfs suited for this purpose, are the "Nelsons or flowing." The pin is now more generally worn below the knot, in the wide folds of the silk, indeed not unlike grandfather's custom of sticking a "shirt" pin, as it was called then, in the starched frill of one's visible linen.

In closing this dissertation, I have but one hint to add. Always see that the soles of your boots and shoes are black. I once remember being a guest at a Roman Catholic wedding, where half the company were nobles, but the bridegroom and his ushers had yellow soles to their shoes. In the elaborate ceremonial of the ritual they were required to kneel a number of times, and the gleaming of yellow leather was distracting and very painful to one's nerves.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 11, 1893

SOCIETY

THe Thursday Evening Club which was entertained last week by Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, at her residence No. 4 Washington Square, N., has never perhaps since the Club was started had a livelier evening. This Club, which is very exclusive, very literary and very swell, has been in existence for some years, and to belong to it means far more than the uninitiated at all understand. It is supposed to represent all that is brilliant, witty and talented in our society. As a rule, the entertainments given by the different members have been of high literary and artistic merit, not dull, but certainly not always very gay. Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works are always amusing when well done, and in this instance they were cleverly represented. Judge Howland, Mr. Beaman and Mr. James Cross surprised every one by their thorough performance. The women who took part acted well and looked very pretty.

Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Alan Johnstone held their wedding reception at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. James W. Pinchot, at No. 2 Gramercy Park. Mrs. Johnstone, who is a tall handsome girl, looked very beautiful in her wedding dress of white satin and point lace, and was the picture of radiant happiness.

Saturday evening, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden each gave dinners.

Saturday afternoon the Badminton Club held its first meeting. There was a large attendance and the scene was as brilliant as ever.

The death of Mrs. William C. Whitney has cast a gloom over the last few days left to us before Lent ushers in the season of fasting, penitence and prayer.

Mrs. Whitney's brave fight for life and her pathetic endeavors to hide her illness for fear of interfering with the pleasures of her family and friends, has made her death seem like a personal loss to even her friendly acquaintances. Although only known in New York for a comparatively short time, Mrs. Whitney had become identified with society; and that she was a person of prominence was shown very plainly by the number of entertainments given up and postponed when the sad news of her death was published.

The dinner and dance which were to have taken place on Monday at Mrs. W. D. Sloane's were given up on account of Mrs. Whitney's death and the last cotillon was not at all brilliant owing to the same cause. Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Mrs. Barlow, and Mrs. Philip Sands were the receiving committee for the cotillon, which, as always, was given at Delmonico's. Mr. Alexander Hadden led the german, and led it remarkably well. Certainly Mr. Hadden's fame as a leader of cotillons seems to be assured, for at all the dancing classes the cry is for his leadership. There were some of the younger married set at the cotillon, but the young belles and beaux were out in full force.

Monday evening Mrs. R. T. Wilson and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane each gave dinners for a large number of guests. Both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Sloane have been giving a series of these entertainments, where every appointment of food and raiment are beyond description marvelous.

The second meeting of the series of French readings managed by Mrs. de Coppet and Mrs. Richard Irvin was held at Mrs. Irvin's, on Wednesday. French is a sine qua non, and if you do not understand it sufficiently to quite get the professor's meaning, why, the readings are not long enough to produce a feeling of ennui, and there are plenty of pretty women, in fetching costumes, to watch.

The first of the four informal talks by Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott is to be given February 16th, and there is a great interest felt in the series. Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Clews have been besieged for invitations for this most popular Lenten diversion.

Badminton and bowling have both begun, and under most favorable auspices. The waiting list is longer than ever, and every name added thereto apparently doubles the pleasure of those who have passed the Rubicon, to judge by the look of absolute satisfaction on the faces of the members, and the air of surperior patronage with which they advise applicants not to be utterly discouraged.

Wednesday was the evening chosen by Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan for her dance. The Morgan's house is one of the best of our representative houses. Standing as it does, somewhat apart from the other houses, built in solid substantial style, it seems a fitting home for the family which lives there. With the calm poise and assurance of those who have a right to their position, their hospitality is truly delightful, and an invitation there is justly prized by all.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott Cowdin gave a large reception on Thursday at their residence in Gramercy Park. Mrs. Cowdin, who as Gertrude Cheever was well known in the hunting set, has not entertained extensively until this winter. Miss Alice Cowdin and Mr. Hamilton Hoppin, whose engagement was announced last autumn and whose marriage it is said, will take place shortly after Easter, were present at the reception, Miss Cowdin assisting in receiving the guests.

One of the latest and most expensive fads is house-building. Everyone is moving or planning to move. It will not be many years now before Washington Square is deserted and Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street the chosen place. Originality of design inside and out of the house is the desideratum, and women insist on their ideas, which the clever architect must at all events pretend to follow. If, as recently happened, such minor details as staircases are left out, the architect must not notice so slight a mistake, but must plan them himself. The old saying, "no house was ever built without losing the friend in the architect or the architect in the friend" has a great deal of truth, but then an architect of tact may surmount even the terrible obstacles that lie in his path in these days when every woman has her own ideas.

This afternoon and to-night St. Valentine's Kettledrum for the Samaritan Home for the Aged will be held at Sherry's. This is an event which takes place every season and is as fixed a fact as Ash Wednesday itself. Through chances and changes it holds its own. It has, of course, followed the course of the tide in so far that it used to be held in a hall in East Fourteenth Street, from there it went to the Armory on Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street and finally settled upon Sherry's. The list of patronesses remains the same and it is, as one young woman irreverently calls it, a sort of Resurrection-pie. A goodly sum is always netted and it is certainly one of the social events of the season.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, February 11th.—Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall, 25 East Tenth Street. Tea at five o'clock.

Badminton Club.

Mrs. F. S. Witherbee, 4 Fifth Avenue. Dinner.

Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger. Dinner.

St. Valentine's Kettledrum. Sherry's.

Dancing-class. Mrs. Braëm, Mrs. Barclay. Sherry's.

Monday, February 13th.—Mrs. William H. Osgood, 10 West Twentieth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Philip L. Livingston, 708 Madison Avenue. Reception.

Mrs. J. Morgan Wing, 48 West Fiftieth Street. Reception.

Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street. Musicale.

Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue. Mondays.

Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Bacon, Miss Bacon, 22 West Tenth Street. Last reception.

Last Patriarch's Ball. Delmonico's.

Tuesday, February 14th.—Mrs. Henry H. Cook, Mrs. de Hérédia, 1 East Seventy-eighth Street. Musicale.

Mrs. Augusté Noël, the Misses Noël, 109 Waverly Place. Tuesdays.

Mrs. McCoskry Butt, 8 West Fifty-second Street. Reception.

Mrs. Joseph Marié, the Misses Marié, 111 West Forty-third Street. Reception.

Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street. Tuesdays.

Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in February.

Mrs. John Alexandre, 26 West Thirty-eighth Street. Dinner.

Mrs. Herbert Parsons, 26 East Forty-fifth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Willard P. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Niles, 154 West Fifty-eighth Street. Reception.

Last Tuesday Evening Dance. Sherry's.

Wednesday, February 15th.—Ash Wednesday.

Thursday, February 16th.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Reuben Howes, 66 West Tenth Street. Thursdays in February.

Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue. Thursdays.

Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbery, 12 East Thirty-fifth Street. Thursdays in February.

Friday, February 17th.—Mrs. Reginald Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place. Fridays in February.

Mrs. Edward Oothout, 48 West Ninth Street. Fridays in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Amory, 111 West Fifty-seventh Street. Fridays in February.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Teutonic, February 2nd, 1893.—Mr. R. D. Beresford, Rev. Canon Bulloch, Mrs. Bulloch, Mr. J. Sergeant Cram, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Miss F. L. Keene, Miss F. Oddie, Sir Tatton Sykes, Lady Sykes, Mr. William Turnbull, Mr. J. B. Livingston.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Gascogne, February 4th, 1893. –Mr. H. A. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Benedict, Miss C. Dodd, Mrs. Carson Kane, Mr. A. Ladenburg, Mrs. Marié.

LONDON

TENNYSON'S BECKET AT THE LYCEUM.—ELLEN TERRY'S COSTUMES.—THE LATE POET LAUREATE'S OFFICIAL COURTESY TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES RUINED HIS VOICE.—BASS' BEER MAY BUY A PRINCE. THE PROPOSAL TO ENDOW A COT IN VICTORIA HOSPITAL IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE SON OF ROBERT T. LINCOLN.—THE LATEST PARISIAN FANCY IN NOTE PAPER

THE forthcoming production of Lord Tennyson's tragic drama, Becket, at the Lyceum, forms, just now, the note of the moment. The first night is set down for February 6th, Mr. Irving's birthday, and a very brilliant occasion it is sure to be. The scenes will be mounted in the most perfect manner possible, and the cast is a strong one even for the Lyceum. Mr. Irving takes the character of Becket,—his third archiepiscopal rôle, by the way,—Mr. Terriss plays King Henry II, Miss Ellen Terry impersonates Fair Rosamond, and Miss Genevieve Ward, Queen Eleanor, while the minor characters will all be equally well sustained. The costumes are to be authentically correct in every particular, especially those worn by Mr. Irving, which are being copied in detail from historical records, and from the actual garments of Thomas of Canterbury, which are still extant.

Miss Terry's dresses are perfect in design and effect. In the first scene,—when she comes flying in distress to Becket to beg his protection from Fitzurse and Tracy—she will wear a dainty gossamer fabric all soft rosy lights and shades, worked throughout with roses, and a veil of transparent gauze which she throws down at the Lord Chancellor's feet. Her second costume is even more effective. It is a diaphanous grey-blue material which clings about her in the most graceful folds, embroidered in a quaint design of briar-rose blossoms outlined by threads of gold and silver. Her third and last dress is the habit of a nun, copied from that of the Benedictine priory at Godstow, to which retreat Rosamond fled from her "Bower" at Woodstock to escape Eleanor's vindictive hatred, and where she died in 1177.

The production of Becket marks a decided era in lyric and dramatic art, and is an event anticipated with keenest interest by social as well as artistic London. Curiously enough, and with the usual inconsistency of human nature, the late Laureate's one desire above all others was to succeed as a dramatic author rather than as a poet. His excitement in the preparation of Becket for the Lyceum stage was almost childish in its eagerness, and in his interviews with Miss Terry and Mr. Irving he displayed the utmost anxiety as to the success of the play, and the keenest personal interest in the smallest detail concerning it. It is an untoward turn of fate's wheel, that while his drama comes out under such exceptional auspices, the great master of the Victorian school of poetry, the author himself, has passed "beyond the Bar" of the great hereafter.

Miss Terry is certain to create an ideal Rosamond, and she tells me also that she is decidedly pleased with the new rôle, and especially so with the scene between herself and Eleanor. Mr. Irving is equally interested in the character of Becket,—the soldier archbishop of the twelfth century—while Miss Genevieve Ward, but just returned from her successful South African tour, and looking handsomer than ever, is quite as enthusiastic over her opportunity of portraying the haughty Aquitainean queen. Lord Tennyson was no lover of Americans, notwithstanding he counted so many admirers among them, but even he would have found it difficult to chose a more typical actress to depict his Eleanor than Miss Genevieve Ward, whose debût in opera in New York, as the beautiful Madame "Guerrabella" many of us still remember with pleasure. "Miss Ward," said Miss Terry to me yesterday in discussing the dramatis personæ of Becket, "is an actress of the best

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

school. She has the grand air, the fine carriage, clear enunciation and cultivated voice of an almost forgotten method, and as Eleanor all these attributes will come well into play, and tell strongly."

In a future letter I shall have something definite to report as to the actual success or failure of Becket; but as a little postscript and a "by-the-bye";—of course, everyone knows how loud and harsh Lord Tennyson's voice always sounded both in public and private, but very few I think know that the loudness and harshness were greatly due to his constant reading aloud to the Princess of Wales,—this being one of the Laureate's duties,—whose deafness has become chronic with years, though so quick is she in eye and lip reading, that only those personally attached to her service know the real extent of her infirmity. Lord Tennyson was a most devoted friend, and would declaim to her by the hour, his own poems, or any others she might select.

The latest marriage engagement of the week is that of Sir Robert Gresley, Bart., of Drakelow, Derbyshire, to Lady Frances Spencer Churchill, the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough, and sister to the present duke. Lady Frances is only in her twenty-third year, and though not exactly pretty has inherited the charming manners of her mother, the Countess of Blandford. She has dark hair and eyes, a pale complexion, and is as simple and unaffected as possible. Sir Robert Gresley is the eleventh Baronet in succession: he is only seven-and-twenty, though he came into the title when only two years old. His father, Sir Thomas Gresley, was member for Derbyshire up to the time of his death, 1868. Sir Robert is an officer in the Sherwood Foresters, and also Deputy Lieutenant for the county. He is not a rich man, though fairly well off, having an income of about £5,000, and doubtless the attachment of the young people would have come to nothing in the ordinary course of events but for the death of the duke, and Lady Frances' subsequent £500 a year. It is rumored also that the duchess has been most kind, and that her quasi step-daughter (what a curious mix up of relationship it all is, —because if there were no Lady Blandford of course the duchess would be step-mother to her husband's children), will find her not ungenerous in the matter of wedding presents. There is a good deal of talk going on about it, as also about the young duke's recent visit to Longleat, the beautiful "West countrie" estate of the Marquis of Bath; though why this latter fact should cause any comment it is difficult to understand, since the Marquis' only unmarried daughter is some eight years older than the youthful duke! He is of course the biggest prize in the matrimonial market just now, and it is quite on the cards that an American girl may again have the chance of writing herself down as reigning Duchess of Marlborough.

I suppose marriage and giving in marriage is so in the air we can none of us get away from the contagion. What with one Royal marriage just over, a second just coming on, and a third in immediate perspective—that of the Czarewitch and the youngest daughter of the late Princess Alice of Hesse, one of the Queen's favorite grand-daughters—really one seems to have no time to write or speak of any subject unconnected with Hymen.

And now, too, there is more than a rumor of a double Wales-Teck alliance, Prince Adolphus of Teck having signified his wish to marry Princess Maud of Wales, although it is an open secret that those in power are using every effort to effect an engagement between him and the Hon. Nellie Bass, the only child and heiress of the many "Burton" millions. Beer in this case being a distinct advantage! Prince Adolphus is the eldest son of H. R. H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Teck. He is twenty-five years old, a Lieutenant in the Seventeenth Lancers, good-looking, good-natured, and not any too clever. He is very fond of all things American, and especially of American apples, an innocent luxury with which an enthusiastic American friend and admirer keeps him duly supplied.

And now that the regulation year of mourning for poor Prince "Eddy" has come to an end with the orthodox memorial service in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor, all the world is on the qui vive to learn the next shuffle of the royal cards matrimonial. So far Princess May stands first favorite, and with the "people's" vote to back her. They would rejoice to see her their prospective Queen, for somehow the idea has gone out that she has been badly treated,—by Providence, presumably,—and that the loss of one royal lover ought to be made good by the substitution of another. "If she will come to me," exclaimed an enterprising and well-known West-end modiste, in my hearing, "I will make her such a gown as every one will tumble to in a shot, and I won't send in any bill, either! She's quite the sweetest of all our young Princesses, and we would all do our best to serve her. I only hope and pray she may marry Prince George!" And this is the general sentiment.

Meantime the pretty princess in question goes on her way very quietly. She has been devoting her time lately to collecting a sufficient sum to clear off the debt on the Victoria Hospital for Children, at Margate, an institution in which the Princess of Wales is also particularly interested. So far her efforts have realized £200, the greater part of which has been subscribed by children, and no inconsiderable part of it by little London-American boys and girls. In this work Princess May has received the personal help of Mrs. Morgan Richards, one of the richest and most charitable of American ladies. Mrs. Richards is a more than ordinary friend of the Duchess of Teck, and quite an enfant gatée at White Lodge. The Duke declares there are no such mince pies to be found anywhere as those she sends him, made from an old Massachusetts recipe, —as old as the Mayflower and the Puritan Fathers, added together! Mrs. Richards' present fad, for which she is working most indefatigably, is the establishment of a perpetual cot in the Victoria Hospital, to be endowed by Americans only, in memory of young Abraham Lincoln, whose sad death, in the early days of Mr. Lincoln's official ministry here has never been forgotten. To endow this cot will cost £500;—not a large sum, surely, when one thinks of the thousands of Americans who make London their home, and who draw on the resident minister such large bills at sight, in all matters, social as well as official.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have hitherto held themselves peculiarly apart from the American element of London society, and like the Countess Cadogan, and the young Duchess of Portland, have clung with firm tenacity to the old-fashioned privileges and traditions of caste and precedence. As a sign of the times however,—and a significant one, too,—their house party at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, for next week will count no less than five Americans. Mr. and Mrs. "Harry" White (United States Legation), Mrs. Smith-Barry, the wife of the ex-Member for Huntingdon the sister of handsome Mrs. Adair (and as Mrs. Arthur Post, as popular in the States as she now is in England), young Mrs. Stafford Northcote, and Mme. Albani; not a bad galaxy that of trans-Atlantic beauty and talent. Mrs. Adair, by the way, is keeping very quiet this winter; she is nowhere to be met, and Mrs. Rogers is still more secluded, having never recovered from the death of her lovely daughter, which came with such terrible suddenness to all who loved and admired her—and their name was legion.

From Monte Carlo come the most melancholy reports. The weather is bitterly cold, snow is on the ground, and no one who is anyone has arrived so far. However, better things are in prospect. The Ames Van Warts are duly in-

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

The Warm & Sunny South.
MAX'S DIARY
"Whoa and Softly" John he cried
But John he cried in vain!
5 MILES TO AIKEN
H McVickar 93.
What's yo got on?
Datz a mattress ya Nigger.
We can do this up North

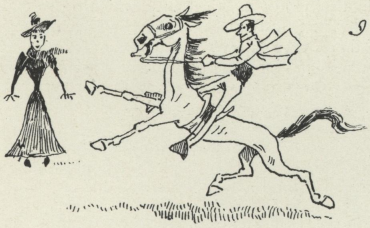
Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Southern Studies.

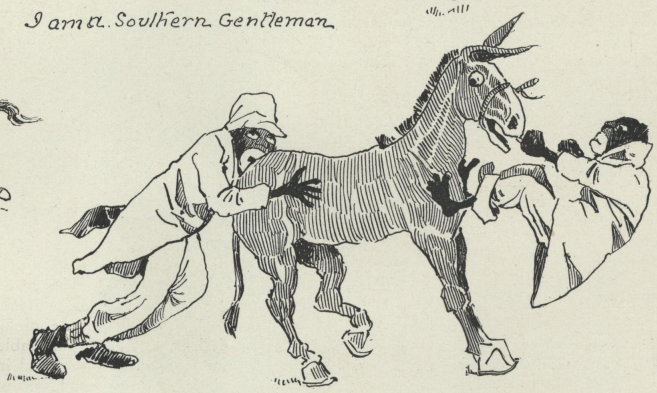
Max's Diary.

The Village Street

I am a Southern Gentleman

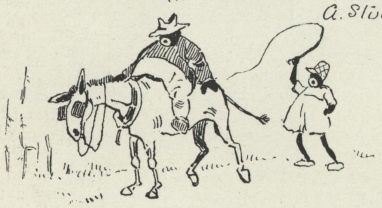


An Impressionist.



Rapid Transit.

A Study in Black.



Hors de Concours

Slightly carried away.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

stalled at the Grand Hotel; Mrs. Van Wart having borne the long journey fairly well, with various haltings by the way at Folkestone, Boulogne and Paris, and her friends are hoping great things from her next three months' sojourn in what ought to be a "climate of delight." Mrs. Mackay leaves Paris this week for the same haven of delight, traveling down en princesse in her special railway carriage, Mr. Mackay's latest gift to her, which cost £7,500, and which is simply a rolling palace of luxury. The carriage is attached to the regular train de luxe, traveling over the same line of rail and benefiting by the company's prestige; an arrangement made mutually satisfactory.

Miss Van Wart's latest purchase in the way of horseflesh is a pair of the most lovely roans, each possessing four perfectly matched black legs. They are really "perfect beauties," and though "it goes without the saying" that the price paid was a long one, still Miss Van Wart is certainly lucky to be their possessor. With the advent of the season they will make their appearance in the park, "horsing" her very smart little Victoria, and perhaps be taken north in the autumn to Coulmony, Nairnshire, the beautiful new estate Mr. Van Wart has lately taken in the Western Highlands. It is a most lovely spot, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Findhorn, with an excellent salmon river, and 13,000 acres of mixed shooting.

The very "newest of the new" in note paper, the latest vogue in Paris,—I have just received a specimen of it from a smart young Parisienne,—is of the faintest mauve tint, powdered all over in a design of wood violets,—but so indefinitely that the pattern can only be discerned by holding the paper up to the light,—and scented deliciously with wood violet essence. And quite the smartest young girl's afternoon gown I have seen of late is one just finished for Miss Chamberlain, the pretty American sister of an even prettier Anglo-American jeune dame, Mrs. Naylor Leyland. It is the work of Mme. Kate Berridge, and is made of the softest white wool veiling; the skirt absolutely plain, but the bodice having curious double bretelles forming the sleeves, which fall to the elbow, and a most dainty little Hussar jacket in white cloth richly embroidered in gold.

By the way, it is just a little wondered at that Mrs. Naylor Leyland has taken so little prominence in London social life. As Miss Jennie Chamberlain she was always in evidence, but since she has become the wife of one of the richest commoners in England, with a castle in Northumberland, and a London mansion overlooking Hyde Park, she has sunk out of the swim completely. Diane.

VOICES OF VALENTINE'S DAY

(Floral Notes)

FOr decorative purposes no flower could be more desirable than the acacia, whose graceful, feathery, almost fern-like foliage and drooping yellow blossoms lend themselves, in contour and color, to most artistic combinations. It has, too, a delicate fragrance of its own, as evanescent as a woman's fancies, and being at the moment very plenty, will no doubt be much used.

It is impossible to leave the subject of Valentines without dwelling for a moment upon the charming opportunities for expressing varied degrees of devotion, inarticulately but unmistakably, that are afforded by the present fashion of sending flowers in the saint's name.

To the initiated—and in their ranks the readers of Vogue may presently be counted—flowers offer a means of expression both subtle and satisfactory. By their means the enamored youth who has but a single five dollar bill to spare may be as ardent in his protestations as the millionaire who can give an unlimited order for roses at two or three dollars apiece. The shrewd lover, merely by making sure that the little floral vocabulary sent out by a certain up-town florist is in the hands of his beloved, can pour out his protestations under the very noses of disapproving parents and guardians, who will scarcely scent a conspiracy in a box of cunningly mingled blossoms arriving without a card.

Who would suspect, as the innocent box is carelessly opened and the layer of cotton wool lifted, that the ingénue who lifts out the fragrant sprays of heliotrope ("Will you be mine?"), hyacinth ("whispering thoughts"), jonquil ("devotion"), rose geranium ("preference"), and white chrysanthemum ("make me happy"), is reading her lover's heart? Or that, when at the earliest opportunity she selects from the bunch a spray of sweet alyssum ("yes") for his button-hole, she is giving him his answer.

Next day comes a little pot with a blooming azalea, standing for happiness—and the pretty story is rounded out. Or perhaps, the maiden is coy or cold. In reply to the bunch of white pinks and maiden hair ferns ("love at first sight" and "silent devotion"), she will only vouchsafe him a yellow carnation for disdain.

But after all the opportunities are not for lovers alone; friends may send violets ("think of me"), or La France roses (friendship), or even in very severe cases of friendship a trail of ivy ("to thee will I cling"). The newly engaged may be congratulated with crocuses (prophecy of joy), lilies-of-the-valley may convey affection to the members of one's family. A too persistent suitor may be told by a spray of golden-rod that "the planets decree otherwise," or an old love may be warned by a wreath of trailing arbutus to "forget the past." Mignonnette may hint to the millionaire that "love gives itself, but is not bought," and the girl who has become tired of promising to be a sister to various nice young men may find relief by declaring "unchanging friendship" through the medium of a nicely potted arbor vitæ tree of minute size.

All this, bien entendu, because it is St. Valentine's Day, the one yearly recurring chance a girl has to express her sentiments in the pretty poetical way which is so much more natural to her than to clumsy men, who need prompting, most of them, even in such simple matters as this.

And if some gouty clubman or querulous dowager, having outlived not only the age of romance but that of sympathy, should growl over these ideas as "old"—why let them be reminded that so are flowers old—as old as time—and so is love—old but always new, and fresh-springing in every heart. And so let them forget themselves, and send some one a Valentine! (Floral novelties purchasable of Shaw & Brower.)

VANITY FAIR

AT a recent afternoon "tea" where there were assembled fifty or more guests, the tea table was unusually attractive. It was in the form of an oval and laid in the dining room as is the case in large receptions. The table itself, of antique oak, almost black and superbly carved in a border of acanthus leaves around the outer edge, was uncovered except for an oval central cloth of white linen, embroidered solidly in a pattern of autumn leaves, the scarlet colors predominating. A garland of these leaves formed the border of the cloth, and the linen was cut out around the edges. In the centre was placed a round mirror from which sprung a straight column of iridescent glass, three feet high, which widened out at the top like the calyx of a lotus flower. In this flower was a huge bunch of scarlet carnations mingled with maiden hair ferns. At each corner of the central cloth a much shorter vase than the one above described, but exactly like it, held the same flowers and ferns. Beyond these were four silver candlesticks each one holding a red glass lamp covered with a fringed shade of carnation colored silk. At each end of the table a silver salver was placed, one containing a tea equipage, the other a chocolate service. Long wafers of bread tied up with red ribbons, were in Dresden tea plates, and there were compotiers also of Dresden china containing bonbons and fancy cakes. The rich, red effect of the table was very attractive, and excited much admiration.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO A. T. STEWART & CO.

EXQUISITE PARIS HATS AND BONNETS ARRIVING BY EVERY STEAMER

STYLISH STREET, CARRIAGE AND DINNER GOWNS

NOVELTIES IN ADVANCE IMPORTATIONS. SPRING SILKS

BROADWAY, 4th AVENUE, 9th AND 10th STREETS

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

Figure on page 133 has a gown of old rose Vicuna cloth —plain skirt. The jacket is of rough black cloth made with double cape and high collar of black velvet trimmed with Persian lamb, cuffs of velvet edged with Persian lamb. Hat of black velvet lined with old rose and trimmed with loops of black velvet lined with old rose and jet aigrettes.

Figure number two has a gown and three-quarter jacket of drab cloth. The cape of the coat trimmed with otter. Hat of drab felt with drab and scarlet feathers.

The gown shown on page 137 is of pale blue bengaline, the color of a summer sky. The skirt is plain and perfectly round. The corsage is cut low but covers the shoulders entirely. It is made without seams in front, the material being simply drawn over the bust and fastened at the side. A girdle of black velvet confines it at the waist. The sleeves are of black velvet puffed, and reaching to the elbow. There are epaulettes of rare old lace reaching to the bust line where a four-leafed bow of black velvet makes a dainty finish. The pointed slippers are of patent leather with black velvet bows, and the stockings are black silk with openwork pattern. A twisted band of black velvet is passed around the knot of hair at the back, and ends in a short pointed bow in front.

The seated figure, page 130, wears a gown of pale yellow tinted silk with Dresden flower pattern in natural colors. The corsage of wood brown velvet is embroidered in an all-over pattern in which the colors of the gown appear mingled with gold threads. The high full puffs in the sleeves are of the silk, the lower portion of the velvet of the corsage.

The standing figure wears a house gown of soft wool of pale olive green tint. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a band of velvet in a darker shade. The plain corsage cut a little open at the throat is finished with a corselet and long cuffs of the same velvet.

The figure at the harp, page 131, wears an Empire gown of pale pink satin, hanging in soft rich folds. The short corsage is of the satin covered with delicate embroidery in gold, and the short puffed sleeves are of pink velvet. The edge of the skirt is enriched with embroidery to match the short bodice.

The young girl at the piano has a skirt and corselet of heliotrope cloth trimmed around the edges with otter fur. The corsage above the corselet, and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves are of heliotrope silk. The collar and narrow cuffs are of otter.

The clock in the upper left hand corner of page 141 shows festooned garlands, grapes, carved heads and sculptured figures, and forms an ornate ensemble which may be called rococo. The one at the right hand corner shows charming ornamentation in Louis Seize style, of garlands of leaves and flowers and flowing ribbons in ormolu on a ground of dark blue enamel. The outer edge, exquisitely chiseled, is very effective.

Between these is seen an open, quaint eight-day clock such as was used in the early part of the present century. The face is of white enamel with simple ornamentation and large dial. This model is most often set in a mahogany case six feet or more in height and is used in halls and upon the staircase landings.

On the lower left hand corner our plate shows an ornate clock of the Louis Quinze period richly decorated with the emblems so much in vogue in that day, when flambeaux, quivers, cornucopias filled with flowers and loves were mingled in artistic profusion upon clocks, candelabra, mirror frames and other decorative articles. To the right of the last-mentioned, stands a clock in the somewhat clumsy shape in fashion during the reign of Louis Quatorze. Decoration shows also beautiful scroll work in heavy ormolu, the gracefully turned feet and ornament upon the top deserving especial mention.

The clock on the bracket is a very handsome piece, but belongs to no particular epoch. The double dome is suggestive of Moorish effects. The form of the clock is fine. The sides and back are of Sienna marble, and the frame of gilt bronze. The front, with dial set in the centre, is of copper, the metal covered with enamel, the pattern being slightly raised in low relief. The clock stands upon ball feet. (These clocks are purchasable of Tiffany & Co.)

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

VOGUE is issued weekly on Saturdays.

Head Office, 61 Union Place, Southwest Corner of 18th Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. Cable address: "Vogue, New York."

London. Arthur Ackerman, 191 Regent Street.

Paris. Em. Terquem, 19 Rue Scribe.

Subscription for the United States, Canada and Mexico, Four dollars a year in advance, postage free. For foreign countries in the postal union, five dollars a year, postage free. Remit by check, draft or postal or express money order. Other remittances at sender's risk. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising orders should reach the office not later than 10 A. M. Friday preceding the week of publication. When special position is required the order should be a week earlier.

THE CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKING
CO. 10 EAST 15th ST., (Profit Sharing)
Fine Hand Made Infants' Clothing.
Coats & Dresses for Children and Young Girls.

Clocks and Mantel Sets.

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are showing many exclusive designs in Clock Casings and general ornamentation of the various styles in vogue, this season, among which are:

MANTEL CHIMING CLOCKS HANGING CLOCKS of the Louis XIV., XV. and XVI. periods. PORCELAIN CLOCK SETS from France and the Royal Works at Meissen, and Clocks in Cloisonné Enamel, Buhl and Vernis Martin Cases,

Tiffany & Co.,
Union Square, New York.

COTILLON AND DINNER DECORATIONS,
CHIC NOVELTIES
K. J. COLLINS,
Designing Rooms, 28 and 30 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

"The last entry in the field of illustrated weekly journalism bears the crisp and non-committal style of Vogue. It is a neat publication of the shape made familiar by Life, illustrated by fine, half-tone engravings and stored with good matter even in its initial number. A very clever stroke is accomplished by its novel salutatory, which consists of production from the Century Dictionary of the definition of the word which gives the new venture its title."—Brooklyn Times.

A Pure Water.

"Of the many Table Waters now before the public, Johannis-brunnen, or Johannis as it is more commonly called, is the one we venture to predict that will eventually be the most consumed, for more reasons than one. First and foremost, its purity is undoubted, as experiments have proved it to be entirely free from organic substances, while the large amount of carbonic acid it contains is also exceptionally pure. As a pleasant, palatable drink, it is unquestionably preferable to most others of its class."—London Court Circular.

"Vogue, c'est l'originale appellation d'une nouvelle publication hebdomadaire, de New York. Ce sera, à ce qu'on nous promet, une revue à nulle autre pareille, des modes et mondanités new-yorkaises. Ses illustrations splendides, à en juger par le premier numéro, tiendront au courant des derniers goûts dans la métropole américaine: pour hommes et femmes. Le texte doit être de premier choix."—Le Monde Illustree.

TOILET

THE RÈCAMIER

PREPARATIONS

Will Make and Keep the Skin Soft and White

For Sale by Druggists, Fancy Goods Dealers and

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

305 Fifth Avenue, New York

Wholesale and Retail

Mention Vogue. Send for Circular and Free Sample Powders

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

HATS — TOQUES — BONNETS

STREET, CARRIAGE AND RECEPTION

DRESSES

RIDING HABITS — TAILOR GOWNS

IMPORTERS OF THE FASSO CORSET

B. ALTMAN & CO.

18TH—19TH STREETS—SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE GILLISS PRESS, NEW YORK

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast